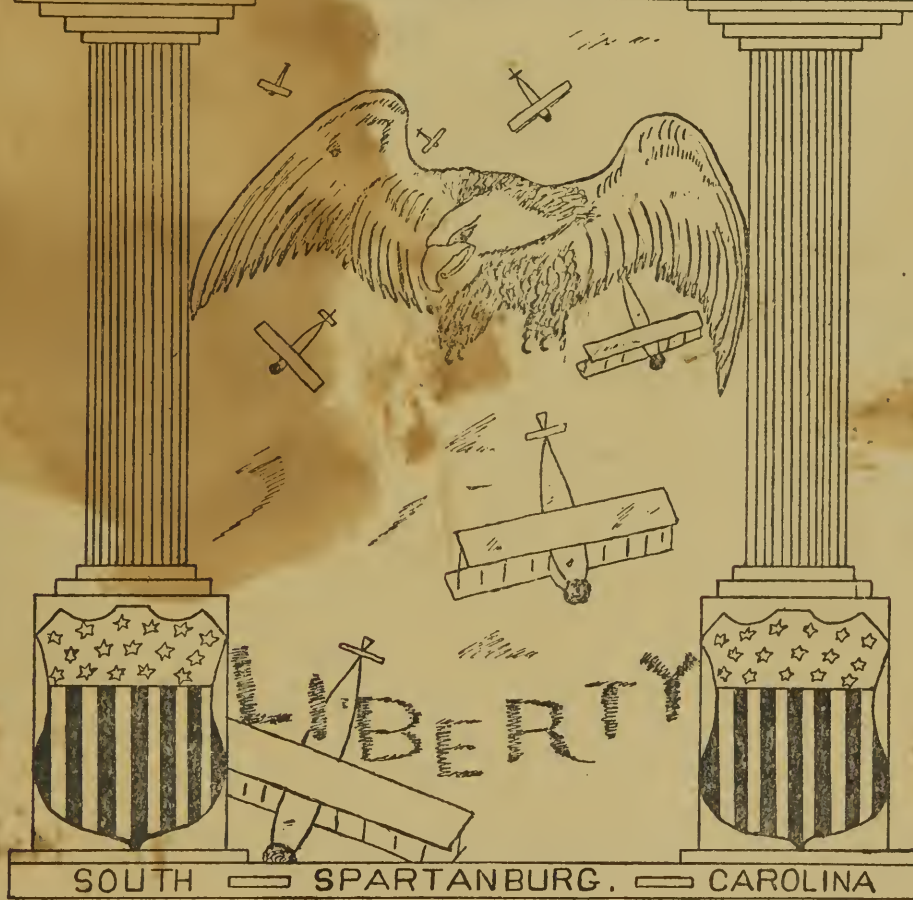


June 5th, 1919

BIAND-FORYU

PUB. SEMI-MONTHLY. U.S. ARMY GEN. HOSP NO. 42 BY THE ENLISTED MEN.



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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Attention -- Overseas Men

There have been several thousand American boys reported missing in action. The Red Cross is making an effort to secure information concerning these boys. Their relatives are anxious to hear whether they were wounded, taken prisoners, or killed in action.

Mrs. Conley has been delegated to interview all overseas men with the view of obtaining information concerning boys who have been reported missing. A list of these boys, giving their organization and rank, has been furnished by the government. Mrs. Conley can be found at the Red Cross Convalescent House and it is desired that all overseas men communicate with her to aid in this work.



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EDITORIAL STAFF

Lt. Philip Conley, Advisor

Sgt. Joseph Peele

Miss Frances Edge, A. N. C.

Cpl. A. V. Hutchinson

Capt. Edward Birge

Sgt. Frank Sprint

Pvt. Robert Galleher

Cpl. Samuel Grossman

ART STAFF

Pvt. Irving Chapman

Sgt. E. A. Robinson

Sgt. Dale Winterbourne

Sgt. L. H. Triponel

Pvt. J. J. Mangan

Pvt. Edward Edwards

Sgt. W. E. Johnson

Vol. 1. No. 3.

June 5, 1919

Price 5 Cents

N-C4 Flies to England

Epoch Making Flight of Navy Seaplane From New York to Plymouth Stirs World

EVERY American must thrill with patriotic pride in the successful conclusion of the trans-atlantic flight of the sea plane N-C4 which landed at Plymouth, England at 2:26 p. m. May 31.

Three British air planes met the big American plane 50 miles at sea and escorted it to the U. S. S. Rochester where the crew were warmly congratulated by Rear Admiral Plunkett, U. S. N.

The N-C4 in its epoch making flight was commanded by Lt. Commander A. C. Read,

U. S. N., and had a crew composed of Lt. E. F. Stone, U. S. C. G. S., Lt. Walter Hilton, U. S. N., pilots; Ensign H. C. Rodd, U. S. N. R. F., radio operator, Lt. J. L. Breece, U. S. N. R. F., and Chief Mechanic E. C. Rhodes, U. S. N., engineers.

The plan for a trans-atlantic flight has been suggested for some time but it fell to the U. S. Navy to make it a reality. The route was carefully prepared and every preparation and precaution was taken to insure success. The start was

made from Rockaway Naval Air Station, L. I., N. Y., but the official "hopping off" place was Trepassey, Newfoundland. A line of destroyers was stationed at intervals along the route to the Azores and the progress of the flight.

The start was made from Rockaway at 10 a. m. May 8, 1919, the N-C₄ being accompanied by the N-C₁ and the N-C₃.

The N-C₁ and N-C₃ made a successful jump to Halifax while the N-C₄ had to put in at Chatham, Mass. because of engine trouble.

The N-C₄ started again on May 14 at 9:16 a. m. and landed at Halifax, N. S., at 2:05 p. m. resuming its flight on the 15th at 8:52 a. m. and joined the N-C₁ and N-C₃ at Trepassey at 5:41 p. m. 15th.

The trans-atlantic flight proper began on May 16 when the N-C₃ took the air followed at 2 minute intervals by the N-C₄ and N-C₁. They circled over the harbor and then headed seaward. Everything went smoothly until when almost in sight of the Azores when the N-C₁ and N-C₃ met with accident and had to drop from the race. The N-C₄ arrived at Horta, Azores at 9:20 a. m. May 17 doing the 1200 miles from Newfoundland in 15 hours and 13 minutes. The N-C₄ remained until May 20 and made the next jump from Horta to Ponta Delgada, Azores.

Bad weather delayed the start until 6:18 a. m. May 27 when the 800 miles to Lisbon, Portugal were covered in 9 hours 44 minutes.

The last leg of the journey was started but a forced landing was made at Mondego but after a temporary halt the flight was continued to Ferrol, Spain, from which the last 450 miles to Plymouth, England, was made.

American energy and engineering skill have again triumphed with the daring of such men as manned the N-C plane.

Living Up to Its Reputation

Sgt. Kingsbury, making rounds in Ward 36, glanced at the clock and asked the Ward Master if the clock was right. The Ward Master answered that if the clock was right, it wouldn't be in Ward 36.

Present Complaints to Grievance Committee

For the purpose of receiving the complaints and suggestions of the members of the Detachment, the Grievance Committee (Sgt. 1cl John Carty, Sgt. 1cl. Frank Campbell, and Corp. Aubrey Hutchinson) will meet in the Red Cross House on Wednesday and Friday of each week between the hours of 12.30 p. m. and 1:00 p. m. and on Monday evening between the hours of 7:00 and 8:00 p. m.

If any Detachment man has any suggestions or complaints to make bring them to this committee. It represents you, and is at your disposal and is only too glad to bring all matters relating to the welfare of the Detachment men to the attention of the Commanding Officer, who will be glad to receive them and do all in his power to satisfy everybody.

Sports for Nurses

Clubs for outdoor sports and pastimes for the nurses and aides, are being organized as follows:

Star-gazing, under the direction of Miss Simpson.

Tennis instruction; given by Miss Gwinn.

Riding; managed by Miss Venable.

Hiking and kodaking; Miss Edge.

Nurses and Aides watch bulletin board.

Ten Men Discharged

On June 3rd 10 men of the Detachment received discharges. The lucky ones are: Sgt. Fred Rescoil, Cook Carley Aberle, Pvts. 1st Cl. Frank Chudnor, C. B. Coyle, Perry Oakley, J. R. Dixon, L. E. Ludwig, Frank Lo Guidice, Abraham Rotman, and R. G. Perez.

A Hustler.

In response to numerous inquiries, we wish to explain that a "gold brick" is a person in uniform who gets out of more than he gets into, and gets into less than he gets out of, and gets out and gets!

Captain McCelvey Receives D. S. C.

Patient at This Hospital, a Native of South Carolina, Presented With American Honor Medal by Colonel Poust.

CAPT. George C. McCelvey has the distinction of being the first officer or enlisted man to be decorated with the Distinguished Service Cross at this Hospital. The presentation exercises were held at the Red Cross House on May 13th. Colonel Poust officiated, and the heads of the various departments of the hospital here shown appeared on the platform with the distinguished officer.

On August 7th Captain McCelvey stood in the swift current of the Vesle river, near St. Thibault, France, and helped men of three platoons across the river. He was pulled into the river twice by drowning men, but each time



Standing: Capt. Holt, S. C., Capt. Frith, D. C., Lt. Hooten, S. C., Capt. Birge, M. C., Lt. Harcombe, S. C., Lt. Brown, Q. M. C., Lt. Conley, S. C.
Sitting: Capt. Buck, M. C., Capt. McCelvey, Inf., Lt. Col. Poust, M. C., Major Mills, M. C., Capt. Eglee, M. C.

succeeded in bringing them ashore. "It was my height rather than my ability as a swimmer," said Captain McCelvey, "that made my efforts successful. The water struck me about to my chin, and with some of the boys who were not

so tall as I am, it was very hard. As they would go under I would try to drag them out."

On August 9th, Captain McCelvey was wounded and was confined to the hospital for one month. He was again in action in the Argonne sector from September until October 12th, when he was wounded a second time.

Captain McCelvey while training in this country, was with the 47th Infantry, and he remained with his organization when oversea. He was commissioned as Captain in October, 1918.

Captain McCelvey is a native of this state; his home being at Mount Carmel, S. C. Before entering the service he was principal of the York High School; and previous to that attended Citadel Military College, graduating in the class of 1911.

Following, in part, is the presentation address of Colonel Poust:

"We are assembled here this evening for an occasion which we have not been privileged to witness previously in this hospital. In fact, up to the present time, such occasions are infrequent throughout the United States; namely the presentation of a Distinguished Service Cross.

"This war has proven beyond a doubt that irrespective of sex, we are all tried and true soldiers. Fortunate are those who were able to serve their country, either at home or abroad. This service has been a glorious one, but especially is this true of those who were given the opportunity of going abroad, there to meet in combat our adversaries, and to eventually come safely through that struggle and return to the homeland. Those of us who through necessity were compelled to remain behind, as well as those who saw service abroad, appreciate the many problems that have to be solved through the initiative of the responsible party concerned---the bravery required to successfully lead a unit into battle, and during such a conflict while under fire, find time to save the lives of his companions. These particular soldiers we hold in high esteem, and regard as heroes.

"We have with us this evening such a hero, Capt. George C. McCelvey, who received his first military training

early in his career at Citidel Military College, S. C., graduating therefrom in 1911. In August, 1917, he entered the Second Training Camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. He was commissioned as First Lieutenant and assigned to duty with the 47th Infantry, 4th Division, in training at Camp Greene. In May, 1918, he embarked for France, where intensive training was continued until his organization was ordered to the front. On August 7th, his organization first went over the top, which necessitated crossing the swift Vesle river, near St. Thibault, France. The only way to cross this historical stream which had been and continued to be under very destructive fire, was by fording. This procedure was exceedingly difficult as barbed wire entanglements were in the bed of the river, as well as on the banks. The Captain, then a Lieutenant, led his two platoons across. It was during this phase of the advance, that he displayed extraordinary bravery by assisting all men of his platoon in crossing and saved the lives of two men who had been swept off their feet by the swift current and were being carried down the stream. He grasped their rifles and pulled them ashore. Captain McCelvey continued to lead his platoons until wounded, necessitating hospital treatment for one month, at the end of which time he rejoined his organization in the St Mihiel Sector. In September, in the Argonne Sector, this time as Commanding Officer of Company F, 47th Infantry, he was in constant action until October 12th, when he was wounded a second time and thus gloriously ended his fighting career in France. On October 1, 1918, in recognition of his exceptional services, he was promoted to the grade of Captain."

Two Officers Receive French Croix de Guere.

Lt. Archibald A. Walker, Medical Corps, just discharged from this hospital, 128 Regiment, U. S. Infantry, has been cited in a Bulletin from the General Headquarters of the French Armies. "Under terrible bombardment, he was an example to his men of great bravery; displayed great disregard of danger," the order reads.

Lt. Calvin D. Richards, 46 Regiment, U. S. Infantry, now patient in this hospital, "on October 9th, at the head of seven machine gunners, repulsed the attack of the enemy with grenades and inflicted severe losses among the enemy."

These two men were decorated with the French Croix de Guere.

Long Distance Prophylaxis.

A Milwaukee boy told his teacher that his sister had the measles.

"You go right home, Johnny," she said, "and don't come back until your sister is well."

Johnny left in a hurry. After he was gone another little boy held up his hand and said:

"Teacher, Johnny Dolan's sister what has the measles lives in Philadelphia."---Journal of the American Medical Association.

Helpful Hints On Lawn Culture.

If your lawn is full of bumps, these may be driven down with a hammer.

It is not well to pasture the horse or cow on the lawn in wet weather. These animals have a tendency to push in the face of the lawn.

If you have a mole assisting you in the care of your lawn, use the mole-track for a hose, pouring the water in at one end and fastening a nozzle on the other. This will save your garden hose.

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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Biand-Foryu Headin' North Finds Six Old Friends

Six Bluebirds Now In Pittsburgh Enjoy Wadsworth's Doings And Tell Some of Their Own

WITH great interest, six of us ex-Wadsworthites have read the first copy of Biand Foryu," says a letter from six former Bluebirds now at U. S. Army General Hospital No. 24, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"It was like a breath from home. We were there during the epidemic days and had become deeply attached to the tall straight pines, the blue sky (when it didn't rain) our comfortable quarters and the gay social life.

At first glance, memories came of toast made on coat hangers, coffee "percolated" in a wash-basin and our little soft coal stoves. When we saw the pictures of the Red Cross Building, we fairly wailed in chorus.

Our last month, January, in Wadsworth, was delightful and the chill blasts we encountered at Washington, D. C. made us shiver and shake, and wish for the warm sun again. We were a very homesick band when we arrived here.

"The work at Hospital 24 proved most interesting. The patients were mostly overseas men, wound cases, and we began to get the first real idea of what war really was.

"From an old, disused building No. 24 has become a real hospital and now comprises nurses quarters, Red Cross House, a new Y. M. C. A. and a K. of C. hut. We have seen these buildings spring into existence during the last four months. And there is an entertainment in some form at one building or another every evening.

"Although we are well acquainted here now, Wadsworth or Hospital No. 42, from the mud-diast road to the gayest dance, still holds a large place in our hearts. It was our first assignment to duty in the army.

"We want Biand Foryu as long as it's pub-

lished, and we shall gladly renew our subscription when this one has expired. If any one slips in the mud any more than we did or drinks more tea under the hospital Red Cross roof, why we want to know it, that's all."

"I'd rather be a could be,
If I could not be an are;
For a could be is a may be,
With a chance of reaching par,
I'd rather be a has been,
Than a might have been, by far;
For a might have been has never been,
But a has been was once an are."

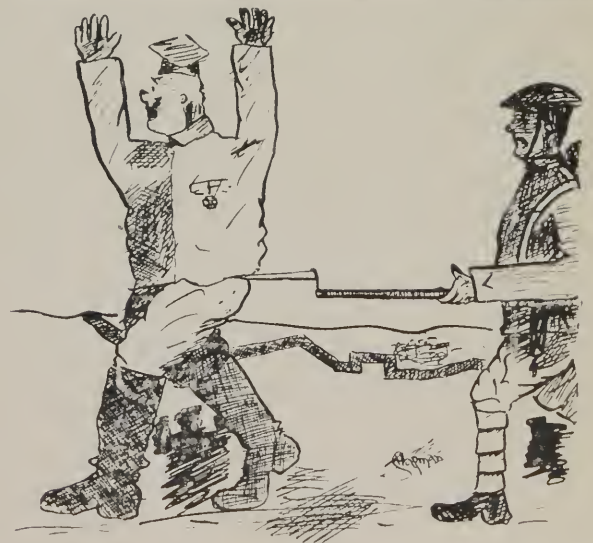
---Exchange.

There Already

Mrs. Willis---What is this stuff that you are going to give my husband?

The Doctor---Anesthetic. After he takes it he won't know anything.

Mrs. Willis---Come, doctor, he doesn't need that at all.



The End^{of} Kultur.

The Cape Of Red And Blue.

[A message from a M. D. man to the Doughboy].

When the whole free world was threatened
And the bugle sounded "To Arms,"
You and I and a million others
Left the office, business, and farm.

And when we crossed the briny sea
To show what we could do,
Right behind us was the girl
Who wore a cape of red and blue.

We have roamed in London and Paris,
And in many little towns;
We have seen mighty castles
And some rare exquisite gowns.

We have seen the latest fashions
In the land of "Parles Vous,"
But the style that France grew fond of
Was that cape of red and blue

After many weeks of chumming,
Orders came, we said adieu.
Your order read, "To Chateau Thierry,"
And mine to "Base 132."

After months of heavy fighting
You were gassed and wounded too,
With mind so clear, but eyes so useless
We met again at "Base 132."

There were days when you seemed hopeless,
The sun shone bright, but not for you;
There was one that brought you courage
When all the world seemed so blue.

When your struggling hours were darkest
The doctor turned and said:
"I've done all I could; now it's up to heaven
To bring back sight to this brave lad."

When Spring arrived your days were cheerful,
The sun shone bright, and songs prevailed,
Do you know who was that God sent angel
That brought you sight when science failed?

You remember Bill, Bob, and Smithy,
And the night they passed away,
Who was shedding tears in silence
Throughout that night and all next day?

If you are looking for that angel
Who shed those tears for you,
Just cast your eyes upon the girl
Who wears a cape of red and blue.

And now, when Peace is once more reigning,
And Freedom's banner waves anew,
In our hearts forever the girl will linger
And her cape of red and blue.

---Pvt. 1st Class Alex Rothman.

Overheard by a "Night Tramp" on the Board Walk

A bright young guard, quite efficient, but
evidently dreaming of home sweet home on the
farm, hailed the O. D. (translation-Old Devil),
with the unexpected call of Whoa! Who goes
there?

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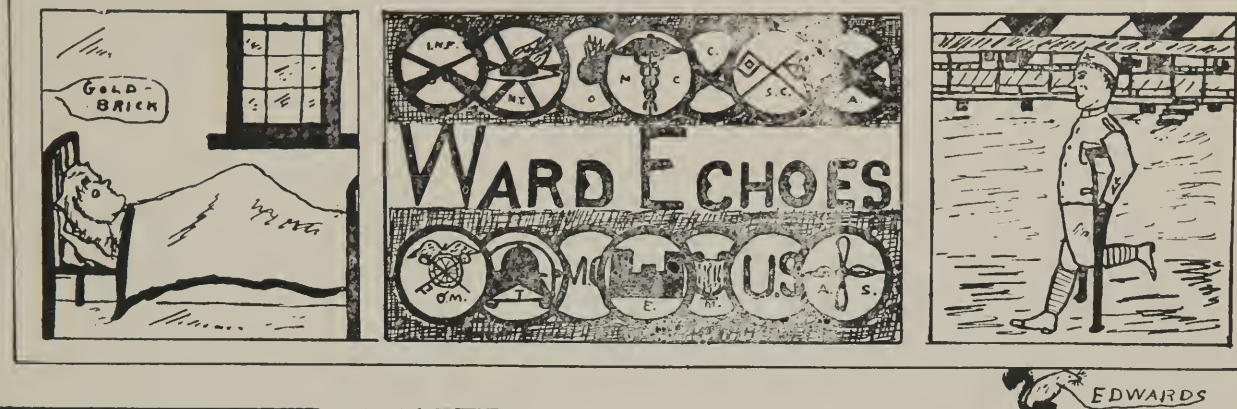
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SPARTANBURG, S. C.



Sgt. Alex. Doncevic of Ward 6, has quite a "rep" as a Raffia worker.

Private Allen of Ward 5 has a camera that works overtime, and has quite a collection of pictures of L. L.'s. (Mostly nurses.)

Orderly Osgood of Ward 5 says he has very good patients in his ward---all good workers---but the trouble with them is that they are all too heavy for the light work and too light for the heavy work.

Miss Donavon, recently a patient nurse, is now on duty in Ward 6 and the boys are very proud of "their nurse."

Miss Kruse, of Ward 5, is such a cheerful person that the patients in that ward can't seem to figure out whether she is laughing or smiling.

For some unknown reason Private Torpey of Ward 6 has been a frequent visitor to Spartanburg since returning from furlough in Philly. Spartanburg must remind him of Philly.

Private Hicks of Ward 16 recently entertained his sister and girl friend who came from Charlotte for a three-days visit. No wonder Hicks has been trying to get a discharge.

Sergeant Curtiss of Ward 16 had the pleasant surprise of having his wife come from Needles,

Cal. to visit him. Mrs. Curtiss is now staying in Spartanburg.

Several overseas patients at this hospital who participated in decisive battles "over-there," were assisting in the Salvation Army drive this week.

Smythe, stenographer in Ward 16 uses the P. and H. system. Punch and Hunt.

Private Lindhall of Ward 3 although never going anywhere, is always in a hurry.

Major Mills (to wardmaster):---Boy, what would you do in case of fire?

Wardmaster:---Probably lose my head sir.

Private Rhodes seems to be unusually anxious to get out of the army. What's the reason Rhodes?

Will someone kindly inform Private Chapman of Ward 3 where all the liquor comes from down in these parts.

Privates Tagtmeir and Johnson are breaking into the select circles of Spartanburg.

Patients in Ward 8, although in the ward for the unruly, have proven themselves to be good boys at heart, according to the ward surgeon.

Ward 18 boasts of having one of the best nurses in the hospital, in Miss Fritx who just

recently returned from overseas and sent to duty here.

Corporal Jenkins of Ward 16 has just returned from a fifteen days' furlough in the wilds of North Carolina.

Ward 18 will lose one of its star patients in Private Enberg, who is leaving for Oteen, N. C. Private Enberg has amused the boys by his clever drawings.

Where do we go from here is the popular question now, among the men living outside of this hospital zone and in line for transfer.

Pvt. Hayden Brown has been a charter member of the famous organization of detachment men known as the cheesecutters, since his arrival at the hospital. Some organization!

No Clarence when a fellow says, "Let me have T. B." he doesn't mean Tuberculosis, he might mean "two bits."

Anyone desiring to have the past, present and future told, come and see the mysterious Private Dempsey, in Ward 23.

Private Harrell to Dietician: "Lady, have you a bathing suit in here?"

Dietician: "What do you want with a bathing suit?"

Private Harrell: "I would like to dive in this bowl of soup and see if I cannot find an oyster."

Private Johnson: "Nurse, come and kiss me good-night."

Night Nurse: "I'll call the orderly, he does all the rough work."

"Twas Ever Thus."

Oh, Surgeon, Sir, this bird exclaimed,
I'm sick and wounded, maybe maimed;
My head, it aches, my feet are sore,
I just feel rotten o'er and o'er.
If that's the case, the surgeon said,
You're quite, if not completely dead;
I'll do my very best I will.
Here, take this nice cathartic pill;
Your tongue looks a trifle sooty
And just for luck I'll mark you 'duty'

Private Edwards to Colorado.

In the first group of patients to be transferred to a Western Hospital was Private Edward Edwards, 147th Infantry, who has co-operated so splendidly toward the success of Biand-Foryu. Although considered almost a bed patient, he re-



Private Edward Edwards

sponded at every call for sketches or cartoons and the cover now being used is his design.

Before entering the service Edwards was a cartoonist on a leading Ohio newspaper. After spending several months in Army Cantonments in the United States, he was sent to an Embarkation camp and while there took sick and has been confined to various hospitals since.

Edwards has many friends at this hospital and every one wishes him a pleasant journey and mostly a speedy entire recovery.

Incriminating.

"I understand that none of the boys take a drink now."

"No," answered Three-Finger Sam. "'Tain't safe. If you smell lickor on a man's breath now it's a sure sign he's been robbin' a baggage car somewhere."---Detroit Free Press.

Large Group of Patients Arrive at This Hospital.

On Monday, May 26, 1919, 108 patients arrived at this hospital from Newport News, Va. for observation and treatment.

The men in this group are from companies in all parts of France. Some who have seen action in battles that will long be remembered. For the most part, the boys look like well men, and a large percentage doubtless will be at this hospital but a short time.

So far they all have been busy getting acquainted with ins and outs of No. 42, and can be seen exploring the different parts of the hospital grounds, such as the Red Cross Building, Post Exchange, and various other places where the boys congregate, and discuss rumors. Many have been to Spartanburg and have seen the sights.

Men living outside of this hospital zone will be sent as soon as possible, to hospitals within their home zone, and those who stay will be made to feel at home here, in every way possible.

"Song of the Seven Stray Sisters From Spartanburg."

They shipped us off to Denver,
'Way from the "Sunny South;"
Where the sun, it beats so fiercely
That the mercury melts in your mouth;
'Way from the friends, that we'd made there,
Up to this wonderous clime,
Where we gaze at the snow-capped mountains,
Hugging hot water bags all the time.
But we'll never forget the kindness
Of all at No. 42;
The Chief, the doctors, the nurses,
Aye, and the gallant Corps boys to!
The Red X and all it's allies
Who gave us of their wealth;
And the "visitors" eager to help us
On our journey back to health.
So Renfrew, Duval and Waters,
Erickson, "Charlie" and "Joe,"
With Miss Gould (that makes up the seven),
We greet you, and miss "you all" so!

Rest Hour.

Mess Sergeant: Reggie, after you finish scrubbing the pots I'm gonna let you rest for two hours.

Reggie: Y'mean I can go up to my tent and sleep for two hours?

Mess Sergeant: Naw! I mean y'can sit down an' peel spuds for two hours.---Judge.

What Home Means.

To the small boy. The service of supply.

To the young lady. The theater of operations.

To the young man. Headquarters expeditionary forces.

To Grandma. A rest sector.

To the black sheep. An awkward salient.

To the maiden aunt. No man's land.

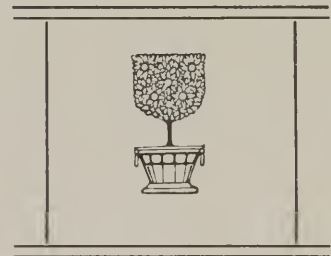
To Mother. The base hospital, salvage depot and camp commissary.

To Father. Headquarters disbursing office and adjuster of claims.---Life.

Spartanburg's Best Clothing Store

For Men, Women and Children

GREENEWALD'S



105-107 W. Main Street

Spartanburg, S. C.

No Bolshevik.

They had been married three months and were having their first quarrel---which shows that they were a remarkable couple.

"Evidently," she said icily, "you regret that you have married me. The step is not irrevocable, however. If you care to be released from your bonds---"

"Naw," he interrupted, impatiently. "I'm no ninety-day recruit. I enlisted for the term of the war."

She couldn't think of any retort, so she maintained a scornful silence.---Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Girlie Called Linnet.

There once was a girlie called Linnet,
(Her speed---it was twenty a minute);
She threw her shoe in the air
And sighed, "I don't care
If I happen to get my foot in it."

---Pelican.

Hope.

"Do you think you could learn to love me, Christopher?"

"Well, I passed Calculus."

---Jack-o'-Lantern.



"Memories."

As I sat all alone on the edge of my cot,
 My thoughts, they wandered away
 To a dear little home, in a little known spot,
 And I wish I were there today.

As my memory wandered to this quiet little place,
 And I thought of those days gone by;
 There came up before me a dear sweet face,
 How I wish I could greet it today.

The face is like a flower
 That blossoms after rain,
 Perhaps it's somewhat wrinkled,
 But its lovely just the same.

The eyes are full of sunshine,
 With merriment agleam,
 Not quite so bright as once they were,
 Yet their purity is seen.

The smile is like the dewdrop
 Which seen at early morn;
 Glistens like a crystal
 On flowers newly born.

The voice is full of laughter,
 Runs like a rippling stream,
 Abounds with sweetest music
 So soft and so serene.

The hands still are dainty,
 Not like they used to be;
 Yet, as they fondle and caress,
 Send a thrill through me.

The hair is soft and silky;
 'Tis of a silvery grey,
 Brought on by cares of many years
 For me by night and day.

You ask me who this lady is,
 Now harken my dear friend!
 I'm thinking now of Mother
 Who'll love me to the end.

I'll cherish her carefully
 And smooth her silvery hair,
 Someday she's going to leave me
 And there'll be a vacant chair.

I'll always be kind to her
 And never cause her pain,
 For when she leaves this old earth,
 No one will be the same.

--CYMRO BACH.

Re-Enlistment Inducements.

Enlistments for all branches of the regular army have been resumed by the War Department; the age limits being 18 to 45, except that for staff corps and departments the limit will be 55 years. No men will be enlisted or re-enlisted however, who on account of dependents will be entitled to family allowances under the War Risk Act, but this restriction does not apply to men now in the army who enlisted prior to April 2, 1917. For the time being no colored men will be accepted for original enlistment.

Special effort will be made to induce men to enlist for three years. It will be the policy of the Department to assign for overseas service only men enlisted for three years and as many as possible will be given this service. This policy will not be construed as to prohibit the enlistment for one year only those men now in the American Expeditionary Forces who desire to enlist for that period and remain with those forces.

Those who desire assignment to the Motor Transport Corps, Tank Corps or Air Service will be enlisted for Infantry for assignment to the branch desired. All men discharged for the purpose of re-enlistment who re-enlist on the day after discharge will be granted a months furlough if they desire it, to begin not later than a month after re-enlistment.

Request For Transfer Or Discharge.

Lieut,

I wish You Please find me a transfer to another hospital because during the time that I had been in here I feel to bad than before, because this place is to Hot and when I was in Pa. estate I was better than in here. for such reasons I Pray You be so kind with me That me transfer to Pa. or Chicago. or anywhere Place that be so cold than in here.

If you Can't get me transfer to another Hospital I wish will you please fix me the application for my discharge.

well, excuse me to had trouble you and give you many thanks for it.

Very trully Your



Since the last issue of Biand-Foryu, the nurses recreation Hall has been the scene of a number of enjoyable events. On Fridays, May 16th and 23rd, the usual weekly party was given for the nurses of H-40.

A picnic to the woods was arranged for Tuesday, May 20th, but owing to rainy weather, the guests enjoyed the picnic supper in the Recreation Hall, after which the evening was pleasantly spent in the balcony playing bridge, while the weekly dancing class was held in the hall proper.

The usual weekly card party for nurses and officers, was held on the evenings of the 19th and 26th of May.

Dances for the officers and nurses were held in the hall on the evenings of the 15th and 21st of May and were quite successful.

By way of variety, the officers gave a dancing party in the Recreation Hall on Thursday evening, May 29th, for the nurses, which was voted a success by all.

Tea is served daily, except Sunday, from 3:30 to 4:30 p. m., to nurses and their friends.

Nurses, having 48 hours' leave of absence during the past two weeks are: Miss Rohrer, Miss Juve and Miss Toewe.

Miss Henrichson accompanied the Misses Haga and Peters to Oteen, N. C., to which hospital they were transferred May 26th.

Nurses on leave of absence during the past

two weeks are: Miss Venable, Miss Welch, Miss Scheible and Miss Ferguson.

By Way of Explanation

"Etiquette for Officers --- as a Nurse Sees It", published in the last issue of Biand-Foryu was copied from the American Journal of Nursing.

GREEN THE YEAR ROUND

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Fresh Vegetables and

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118 N. Church Street

Spartanburg, S. C.

Nobody Knows.

Nobody knows why Miss Philips is small,
Nobody knows why Miss Rice is tall,
Nor why temperatures rise and fall,
 Nobody knows.

Nobody knows why Miss O'Hara has so much
 hair,
Nobody knows why Miss Cage is so fair,
Nor why beds are made with such care,
 Nobody knows.

Nobody knows why Miss Blaser has dimples,
Nobody knows why some folks have pimples,
Nor why some treatments are so simple,
 Nobody knows.

Nobody knows why Miss Henrichson had ap-
 pendicitis,
Nobody knows why we all have tonsilitis,
Nor what keeps Miss Johnson from having gas-
 tritis,
 Nobody knows.

Nobody knows why we all eat so fast,
Nobody knows why patients have gas,
Nor why we make the probies go last,
 Nobody knows.

Nobody knows why Mrs. Jenkins makes jokes,
Nobody knows why strangled people choke,
Nor why the alcohol lamp does not smoke,
 Nobody knows.

Nobody knows why Miss Bailey's so sweet,
Nobody knows why Miss Venman's so neat,
Nor why to the doctors we must give up our seat,
 Nobody knows.

Nobody knows why Miss Cary is gay,
Nobody knows why Miss Bragdon is grey,
Nor why Miss Kilgus has nice things to say,
 Nobody knows.

Nobody knows why some nurses are discontent,
Nobody knows when Miss Neal's expecting her
 gent,
Nor why the safety pins are always bent,
 Nobody knows.

Nobody knows why Miss McAlister is proud,
Nobody knows why Miss DelRosso never
 speaks loud,
Nor why we don't have caskets and shroud,
 Nobody knows.

Nobody knows why our Chief Nurse's so win-
 some,
Nobody knows where all the sick people come
 from,
Nor why all our doctors are so handsome,
 Nobody knows.

Nobody knows why Miss Venable is so good,
Nobody knows why Miss Clark likes to plan our
 food,
Nor why some people do more than they should,
 Nobody knows.

Nobody knows why Miss Morton likes to assist,
Nobody knows why blood cells are shaped like
 discs,
Nor why I ever wrote junk like this,
 Nobody knows.

Ligon's Drug Store

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WE HAVE WHAT YOU WANT

Spartanburg, S. C.



We Want to Tell "You All"—



Pvt. Robert Russell is home having received his honorable discharge on May 28.

Sgt. Henry Tiras has become a traveling man of the first rank --- two furloughs home since April 1st and an honorable discharge on May 28. He ought to know every bump from Spartanburg to Houston, Texas.

Pvt. Henry Rees has been appointed to the grade of Cook.

Pvt 1cl. Donahue was honorably discharged on May 26th, and Pvt. 1cl. William Colwell on the 29th

Hosp. Sgt. Ray W. Miller of the Reconstruction Department received his discharge on May 23rd.

Pvt. 1cl. Robert B. Galleher is on a short leave at his home at Washington, D. C.

Hosp. Sgt. David M. Walsh spent a few days in Atlanta, Ga. last week.

Cook Frank Lagrodink, Pvt. 1cl. Claude Hoppen, Pvt. 1cl. Joseph Zaborouski, and Pvt. Angelo Fanning, Kaht, and Matto all left on furloughs on June 1st.

Pvt. 1cl. Clarence Dirlam and William

Burns, started on June 3rd for Denver, Colorado, with 19 patients transferred from this hospital.

Sgt. Walter Hicks and Pvts 1cl. Gustave Berg and Frank Harrison left on June 3rd to escort forty patients transferred from this hospital to Fort Bayard, New Mexico.

Sergeant Jennings Puts It Over

Sgt. Owasa J. Jennings of the Reconstruction Department was married in Spartanburg on May 30th at the home of Dr. Gilmour, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Spartanburg. His wife comes from Culbertson, Nebraska. She had a great deal of difficulty in getting here and Sergeant Jennings was meeting every train for two days before her arrival.

The Reconstruction Department gave a party Saturday night in honor of the bride and groom. All the men present were called upon for speeches and, believing in frank and open policy, all of them disclosed "Jack's" shortcomings to his bride in order that she might make corrections in their early career. The men wished for the couple a long and happy life.

Gataky Runs For Hospital In Evening Mail Marathon

George Gataky, Who is better known about the officers' mess than by some of the detachment, is a runner in spare moments and now has a fine silver loving cup, a wrist watch and a bronze medal as a result of competing in the New York Evening Mail Marathon on May 10.

George placed 39th showing a clean pair of heels to over 700 others. It was a cold, raw, rainy day and the water ran ankle deep in the streets so that running was difficult. The route was from 169th Street and Audobon Ave via St. Nicholas and Fifth Ave and Lafayette St. to City Hall and Gataky ran the last eight miles barefooted.

Max Boland, Paulist A. C. was first and Charlie Pores of Melrose A. C. was second.

Gataky is 23 years old, born in Greece but lives in New York City now. He has been running in long distance races for several years and this is his third Evening Mail race. His success this year speaks well for his training and for the future.



George Gataky

Pvt. 1st cl. Thos. H. Davis recently returned from Aucilla, Fla. and John J. Sanders from Massillon, O.

Pvt. 1st. cl. Wm. B. Head and Pvt. Edward

Ostrander have returned from trips to Southport Fla. and San Antonio, Tex.

Pvt. 1cl Arne Vallard is now a Cook.

Pvt. 1st cl. Richard Stang spent a few days at his home in Baltimore, Md.

Pvt. Eugene P. Reardon is at home on a 30 day leave after having spent over three months in the hospital with a broken leg.

Corp. F. F. Link acted as an attendant to Pvt 1cl. William O'Hara to Fort McPherson, Ga. where Willie was transferred for treatment.

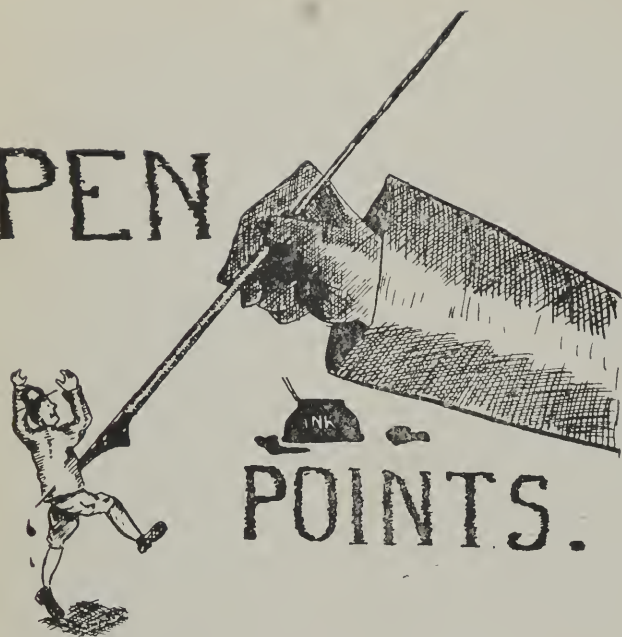
Pvt. 1cl Lawrence E. Ludwig has returned from detached service at Philadelphia, Pa. He was able to spend several days at his home which is in "Philly."

Sgt. Urban Smith, Corp. George J. Brobst, Corp. Wm. Fitzgerald, Corp. Irvin Gambill, Pvt 1cl Elphage Latour, Joseph Novick, Robert P. Keller, Demilo Guisto and Pvt. Marks Guisburg and Irvin L Mulroy have just returned from furloughs.

Pvt. Vincent Nice has returned from Maxmeadows, Va.

Corp. Irvin Brooks, Pvt. 1cl. Charles Linney and Pvt. Herbert Christianson recently escorted some patients transferred to U.S. Army General Hospital No. 19 at Oteen, N. C.

PEN



Wanted: Shoes, for the rest of us.

It is rumored that the next war will be between Spartanburg and Greenville. It is not believed that it will be necessary to raise the army by draft on either side.

Seldom Seen.

Private Cohen of Ward 14 getting out of bed before 9 a. m.

Lieutenant Stringfellow in a hurry.

Captain Herrman short of property.

Sergeant Flanders singing with his eyes open.

Miss Deiner with anything but steel in her eyes. Steel is some boy, if you will believe her.

Sergeant Alvis of the detachment around when off duty.

Corporal Grossman around H-40 since "she" left.

General Orders On Discharge.

1. To accept my discharge, and take all Government property in sight and beat it home.

2. To accept my discharge in a military manner, keeping always on the alert and observing it will not be revoked before I get out of sight or hearing.

3. To take the fastest train home, and not

to stop at any military post along the way.

4. To repeat all rumors that are nearer to Headquarters than my own.

5. Not again to quit civil life after being properly discharged from the service.

6. To receive, believe and pass on to my children all statements conforming with General Sherman's idea of war.

7. To talk to no one about re-enlisting.

8. In the case of the presence of a recruiting officer, to give the alarm.

9. When the girls are at my home, to allow no soldier or military person on or near my post.

10. In all cases not covered by instructions, to claim exemption.

11. To salute all officers who have aided me in obtaining my discharge.

12. To be especially watchful at night, and to allow no one to pass without buying a pack of "butts."

N. S. Trakas & Co.

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Spartanburg, S. C.

Detachment Mens' Mother Goose.

[Revised by L. E. L.]

Sing a song of discharge,
 Red Cross full of claims;
 Four and twenty hundred
 Stating all their aims.
 When the war was over,
 We thought that we should quit;
 Now wasn't that a shame to say
 We'd not yet done our bit?
 Little boy bugler, come blow your horn;
 The fellows are snoring, although it is morn.
 Where are they all at the sun's first peep?
 "Hitting the hay," still fast asleep.
 "Sergeant, oh sergeant, and where have you
 been?"
 "To Spartanburg, kiddo, to visit a queen."
 "Sergeant, oh sergeant, and what did you there?"
 "Don't ask such fool questions; you are slow for
 fair."

One, two; beans and stew!
 Three, four; mop the floor!
 Five, six; a lot of kicks!
 Seven, eight; can't keep my date!
 Nine, ten; K. P. again!
 Eleven, 'twel; you're S. O. L.!

Private Casey met a K. P.
 When he would early eat;
 Said Private Casey to the K. P.,
 "Let me taste your meat."
 Said the K. P. to Private Casey,
 "Show me first your pass."
 Said Private Casey to the K. P.,
 "I haven't one, alas!"
 (*Poetic license excuses this poor rhyme).
 "Big boy! big boy! have you any 'bull?'"
 "Yes, sir; yes, sir; three bags full;
 Some just from hearsay, and some that I've
 guessed;
 And some from the barber shop where rumors
 flourish best."

Slumgullion hot, slumgullion cold,
 Slumgullion in the pot nine days old.
 None like it hot, none like it cold;
 But slumgullion's all they've got, so we are told.

Some piffle and buncombe;
 A two-penny "non-com!"
 What makes you feel so grand?
 You used to be a private too,
 But now you shake the hand.

Tony was a grease-ball, Tony was a drudge;
 Tony washed the dishes, and likewise peeled the
 spuds.

There was a poor nursie who lived in a stew;
 She had so many patients she didn't know what
 to do;
 She watched them and cussed them and kept
 them in bed,
 But nobody knows what a hard life she led.

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Spartanburg, S. C.



A Personally Conducted Colyum of News And Pathos.

"Semper Fidelis."

Yep, that's our motto for this colyum. Looks nice, don't it? Sounds fine also. Don't ask us what it means; we don't know. It seems to be in some foreign tongue which is fashionable. We are hoping that it has to do with optimism. Personally we are optimists.

Our idea of the most useless thing on the landscape is a professional pessimist. He's a nuisance to himself and the rest of the world.

One of those things blew into our sanctum the other day and allowed as how everything was going to the demnation bow-wows. He made no exceptions from soup to sausages. We listened to him for ten minutes, and then kicked him out-of-doors into the cold.

Since then we have acquired a "This Is My Busy Day" sign and a flock of tame bricks. We don't anticipate further trouble.

From now on we are going to live up to that motto and optimote.

Our new assistant is an argumentive cuss. Argues either side of the question or both sides at once; it makes no difference to him at all. That's why we hired him. The first thing he did was to argue that the editors pet term for the

only mercantile establishment in our midst was all wrong. We inadvertently called it "The Emporium." Friend assistant wanted to call it the "General Store." He wins; it is a more military term and henceforth this colyum will refer to it as above.

The editor "Sundayed" not long ago up in the mountains, where General Hospital No. 12 threatens to slide down the mountain side. Incidentally, after admiring the views, the establishment and various points of interest, we looked over their paper, "The Ward Healer." We will say that it is a clever paper, well written, well put together, and altogether a good representative of the interests of the hospital. The titles of their various departments are good catchy titles, and their contents live up to expectations. The detachment section, "In Private Life" is especially well done. Unfortunately, we did not meet any of the staff and we take this means of telling them how much we appreciate the ideas we gathered from the efforts which they put forth every week.

Answers To Correspondents.

Gwendolin: We were glad to hear from you again. Yes, we agree with you, it is hardly polite for a person to insist on reading the "leads" at a movie. Unless of course the person you are with cannot read. Circumstances alter cases.

Algernon: What, in trouble again? You are certainly the hard luck boy. However, cheer up, old top, she may love you still. The stiller the better. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Maggie: Yep, we're still at it. Answering letters is our specialty. We don't think that a scarlet shirt waist should be worn with a pea-green skirt and a purple hat, but then we're a mere man and have no judgment in those matters. Good luck to you. We'll wear blinders when you call.

Reggie: Back again, eh? Glad to hear from you. Worcestershire sauce is not being used in candy this year. Your old mess kit might be used as a chafing dish. Sure, a campaign hat with white ducks and an O. D. shirt looks real nifty. Never mind if you didn't get into the army, she'll think you're a hero.

The Dream of an Abstainer.

I had a rotten dream last night,
 I dreamt that I was drunk;
 Drinking "Coke" and alcohol,
 And Bud, this is no bunk.

I dreamt I walked into the morgue,
 And saw stiff's lying there;
 And upon the upper shelf
 Lay our pet the bear.

The stiff upon the second shelf,
 Sat up and smiled at me,
 Woke his pal and they came
 Down to welcome me.

They shook me by the hand,
 And yelled, "Boy Howdy;"
 Captain Holt came off the stand
 And said I was a rowdy.

As we stood there talking,
 The bear moved on the shelf,
 Turned his head and winked at me
 Till I was beside myself.

The first stiff looked familiar,
 And taking a closer look,
 I almost fell into a fit
 For it was our Jewish cook.

He asked me why I was dressed-up
 As if I were in mourning;
 I told him, I came to see
 Our beloved Sergeant Stalling.

At that they all began to laugh,
 And led me to a bowl,
 In which the bones of Stalling
 Were soaking in alcohol.

Captain Holt was feeling good,
 So he started a singing,
 In a beautiful soprano voice,
 "How dry we are feeling."

The rest of us all joined hands,
 And started a dancing,
 'Till from the darkness came the sound
 Of two a. m. a chiming.

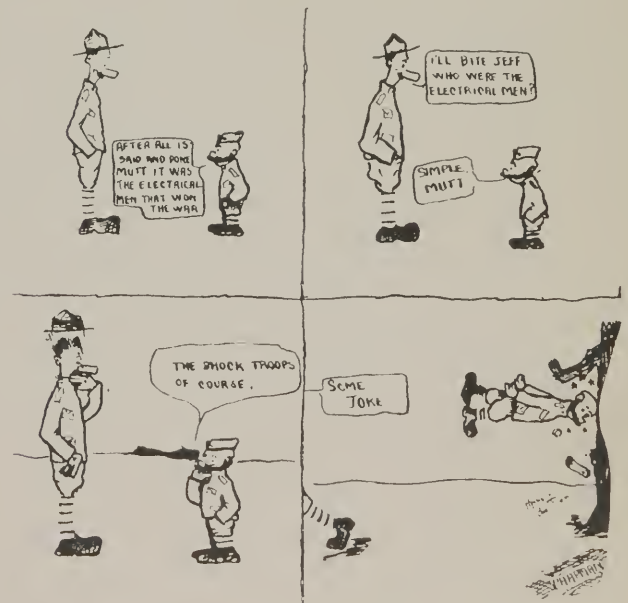
I started to yell and holler,
 Till a shaking quieted me;
 I woke up in my barrack
 With the gang a cussing me.

Then I swore a solemn oath,
 That I never would get hazy,
 And drink a drop of alki,
 For Bud, it'll drive you crazy.

Something Wrong.

A sale bill bearing the signature of "Will Quit Work" has been going the rounds of the press and purports to be a Missouri auction sale, giving evidence of what queer combinations can be made by a printer who is suffering from the effects of a night out and badly pies the galley. The bill announcing the sale includes the following list:

"Twenty-five good cows, broke to work; 41 head of cultivators, coming in soon; 10 head of shoveling boars, with scoops by side; 8 piano mares; 120 rods canvas belting, better than new; De Laval cow, with ice cream attachment; McCormick binder, in foal; Poland-China bobsled, due to farrow in April; 14 head of chickens, with grass-seed attachment, in good working order; 2 J. I. C. riding heifers, good as new; spraying outfit, can be ridden or driven by children; 15 billy goats, 70 bushels capacity, with spraying nozzle and other attachments; many other articles too numerous to mention, which I expect to get at night between now and date of sale."



N.G.

Apologies to Bud Fisher

Take Care

THERE are thousands of people who die on account of lack of proper care and treatment of themselves. Owing to the fast life, improper ventilation of buildings, and sheer neglect of their physical condition, more than 100,000 people in the United States, die each year of tuberculosis. If the proper precautions were taken by the individuals themselves, at least ninety per cent of this death rate would be avoided.

Because a person has tuberculosis, does not mean that his death sentence has been signed, but it does mean that he must give personal attention to his physical body or he will pay the penalty. Some of the greatest men and women who have ever lived, have had this disease, yet they have been able to make their mark in the world. Below is a list of some great characters who have accomplished remarkable things in their life in spite of the disease.

John Paul Jones, one of the greatest men in the Naval history of our country, died at the age of forty-five of tuberculosis. Four kings of England have died of this disease. Raphael, the great Italian painter, died of tuberculosis at thirty-seven years of age. Watteau, the great French painter, died at the age of 37 of tuberculosis. Keats, the English poet, died of this disease, at the age of 26. Alexander Pope had tuberculosis of the spine in his youth and could stand only when laced in a cast. Ralph Waldo Emerson, our great poet and philosopher, died of tuberculosis. Calvin, Walter Scott, Voltaire, and Washington Irving all died of tuberculosis.

These are only a few men who have died of the "white plague." While they have accomplished a great deal in their short lives, they could have accomplished more if they had taken proper care of themselves. No man today should be ignorant of the fact that ninety-eight per cent of all of us have the germs of tuberculosis in our system. Medical scientists have proved to us that this is a curable disease, and for us to neglect to follow their advise is indeed unpardonable.

The Bacillus Bell Dischargitis

Report of Isolation and Identification of Organism And Preparation Of Vaccine For Disease For Which No One Desires Cure

By A Psuede - Scientist

FOR some time past, there has been a disease raging among the personnel of all army hospitals and U. S. Army General Hospital No. 42 is no exception. The plague, it has been called by some of our eminent medical authorities. Enlisted men and officers have been infected, although first-class sergeants and hospital sergeants seem to have an acquired immunity, which protects them from the ravages of the disease and the dreaded organism. The disease because of its peculiar and very characteristic symptoms, has come to be known by the name of "Dischargitis."

It has been the task of the author to isolate and identify the organism which causes the disease, and it is the purpose of this paper to make a report on the work accomplished, and also on the progress which has been made toward the preparation of an autogenous vaccine.

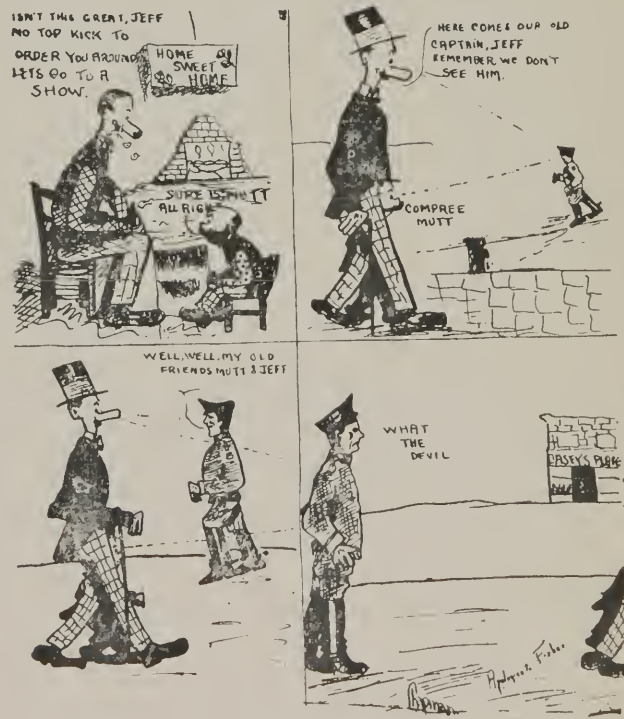
After much careful study, the organism was discovered and isolated from the throat cultures of victims which was found to always be present in such patients. A guinea pig was inoculated and in a very short time developed very strange symptoms, trying to escape from it's cage and to always be dissatisfied with it's food. A rabbit reacted in a like manner. One of the laboratory staff offered himself for experimental inoculation, and on the following day handed in an application for a discharge, and a few days later got a furlough to go to Washington. This proved conclusively that the organism which causes the disease had been found.

The organism has been named the Bacillus Dischargitis (Bell). It stains a very brilliant red with any of the ordinary red stains of the laboratory. It's most characteristic arrangement is where two organisms close together form a V and

the appearance is not unlike the well-known red chevron.

An autogenous vaccine has been prepared which is merely a saline suspension of the killed organisms. As yet experiments have only been carried out on guinea pigs and rabbits. Both these animals when infected can be cured in twenty-four hours by a single dose of the vaccine. It has been impossible however to get any human subjects to work on for a strange symptom of the disease is that the patient has no desire to be cured and will not submit to treatment.

Editor's Note: The authorities would be very gratified if a number of the worst cases would submit themselves for experimental inoculation.



Apologies to Bud Fisher

The Mystery of the Mess

Or

Careful Clarence's Cookery

By D. Tecative.



NICK CARTER, the eminent detectative, was sitting in his laboratory, laboriously reading an ancient volume on alchemy. He was disguised as a scientist of the Boston variety, or in plain English he was wearing a pair of tortoise shell glasses.

Without announcing his intention of entering the sanctum of the eminent man a figure rushed into the room. He was dressed in white, or nearly so, his clothes would have been white had they seen the laundry at any time within the month. On his head was a white cap, which, but for his left ear, would have slipped from his head. In his hand he bore a plate which contained an unrecognizable mass of what was evidently supposed to be food. Without waiting for preliminaries Careful Clarence, for it was no other, began to explain.

"Lookit this mess. Ain't it fierce. I sends out an S. O. S. for a cook. And what do them guys do? Slip me a bootblack. Me, who's cooked from an Owl Lunch to the Ritz, gets a boot-black when I wants a cook. Say honest if them guys had a cook on the list, he'd be doing fatigue. Sure, nothing else'd do. And then I gets orders for a big feed up to the officers shack and this guy Tony slips this stuff over on me when I aint lookin'. Say, bo, I wants you to find out is it poison, or what. Tony's a good guy at that, but buhlieve muh, he aint no cook."

Nick readjusted the glasses on his massive Roman nose and squinted learnedly at the mess. Presently he dared take a sniff of it.

"Looks all right. Smells all right." With a spoon he began to dissect it, identifying spaghetti, five kinds of meat, near bread, a few raisins,

a trace of potatoes and some sort of binder, to keep it from falling apart. Carefully he added portions of the food to three test tubes, dissolving them in water. To the first tube he added a red liquid, it remained red. To the second tube he added a white liquid, it remained white. To the third tube he added a blue liquid and it promptly turned green, a vivid green. Nick stared fixedly at the tubes as they stood in the rack, and then turning to his well filled book case he selected the only volume on shelf, the World's Almanac. Hastily turning to page 423.5 he read the second paragraph. The page was labeled the Flags Of All Nations.

"I have it. The mystery is solved. Red, white and green, the Italian National Colors. That is nothing but hash "Italienne." Its not poison, it merely looks so."

With a sigh of relief Careful Clarence went back to work and Nick disguised himself as Morpheus and went to bed.

EDITOR'S NOTE: It occasionally happens that an editor has to apologize for others mistakes. We had it to do and we did. Nick Carter, disguised as a Kansas cyclone blew into the sanctum and wanted to know in forcible language what we meant by saying his methods of deduction were simply awful. We apologized for the compositor, we had said they were awfully simple, but the typesetter had twisted the words. After a few minutes heated conversation we succeeded in calming him to a point where the eminent man promised us another of his inimitable stories for the next issue entitled, "Soulful Samuel's Sorrow, or The Adventure of the Lost Property." Watch for it; it's the best yet.

We have a new typesetter, or to be more accurate Nick thinks we have.

The Glorious Sun Rise.

As towards the west I gaze,
The golden sky, is a-blaze.
The atmosphere is wrapped in haze,
My heart, my soul I appraise.

It is late, the sun sets low,
A radiant, brilliant show;
Behind the horizon it sinks below
While evenings gentle breezes blow.

All the colors of the rainbow
From pink to scarlet and yellow;
The suns rays reflect to Heaven
In artestry of its after glow.

Why have men thoughts so homely
Why are women so forlorn and sad;
Why are many men and women lonely;
All the world should be glad.

Let all tomorrow morning arise
Breathe sweet air, be refreshed;
Enjoy the golden Sun rise
Give your soul repose and rest.

The above was suggested by---

The Golden Sun Set. (SAMUEL LONGFELLOW).

The golden sea its mirror spread,
Beneath the golden skies;
And but a narrow strip between
Our earth and shadows lies.

The cloud like cliffs, the cliff like clouds
Dissolved in glory float;
And midway of the radiant floods
Hangs silently the boat.

The sea is but another sky,
The sky a sea as well;
And which is earth and which is Heaven
The eye can scarcely tell.

So, when for one life's latest hour
Soft passes to its end;
May glory born of earth and heaven
The earth and heaven blend.

Flooded with light the spirit float,
With silent rapture glow;
Till where earth ends, and heaven begins.

Printemps.

The cherry happy time has come,
When hearts are light and gay;
When trees have doned their verdant robes,
And flowers are here to stay.

The birds are singing gloriously,
And nature's all atune
With life from out the dead and past
Of winter's reign of gloom.

It is a resurrection time
Of hopes from bygone fear.
The war is o'er we are in line
To be discharged from here.

Can You Picture Me?

With lovely Lucy in my lap---
She weighs two hundred pounds by hap---
I'm spellbound, dazed---I cannot move.
Tell me, my heart, if this be love!

THE AUG. W. SMITH

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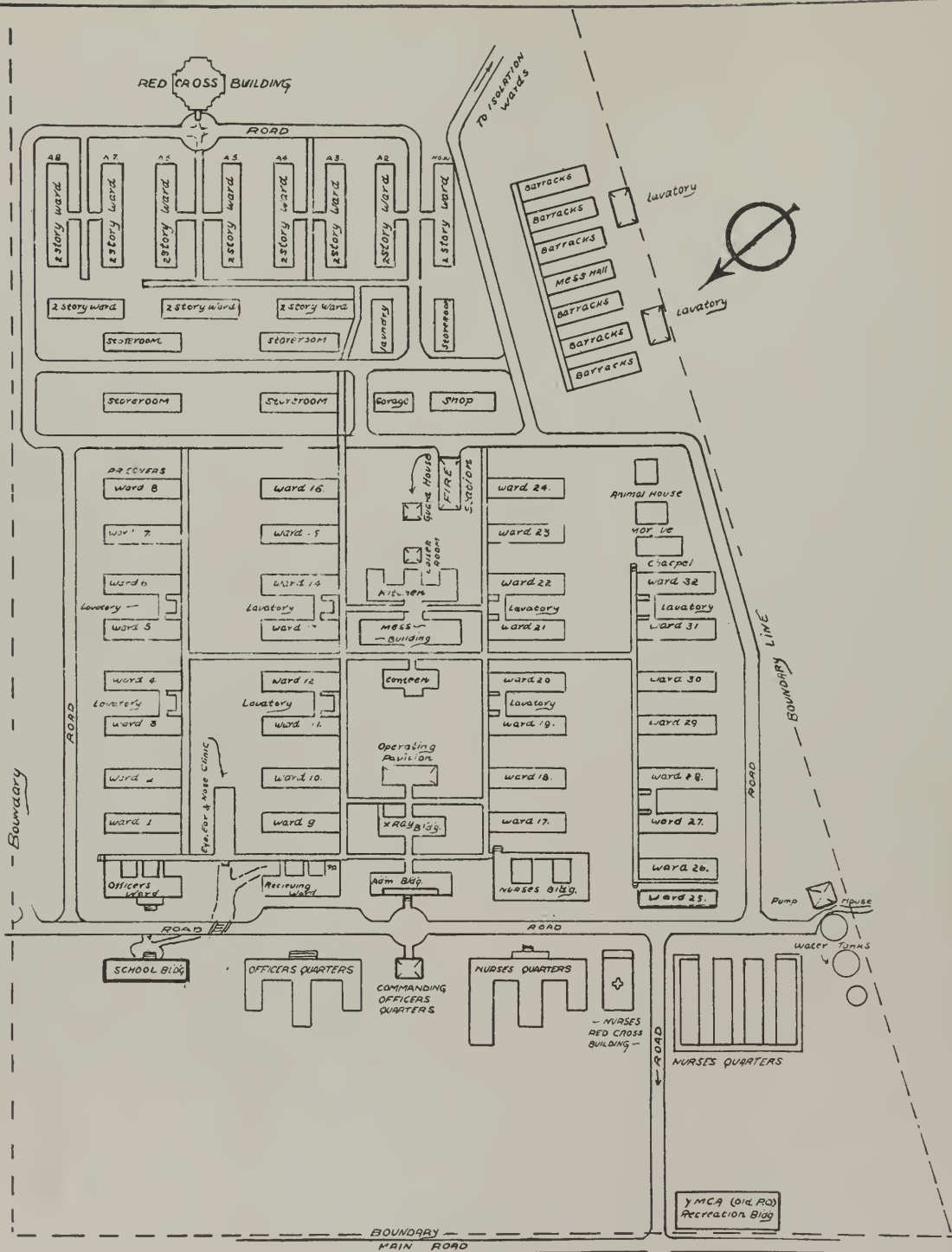
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SPARTANBURG, S. C.



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DRAWN BY PVT. J.J. MANGAN.

The Same!!

Several have asked why we refer to marriage in the same sense as war. There is no difference. A fellow meets a girl and decides that she is the woman with whom he wishes to battle through life.

You present arms and she falls in. You talk it over and decide upon an engagement. At the marriage bureau you sign up. A minister swears you in. There are only skirmishes during the courtship; the real fighting begins after the wedding; that is when a man thinks he is a Colonel, when he is only a nut.

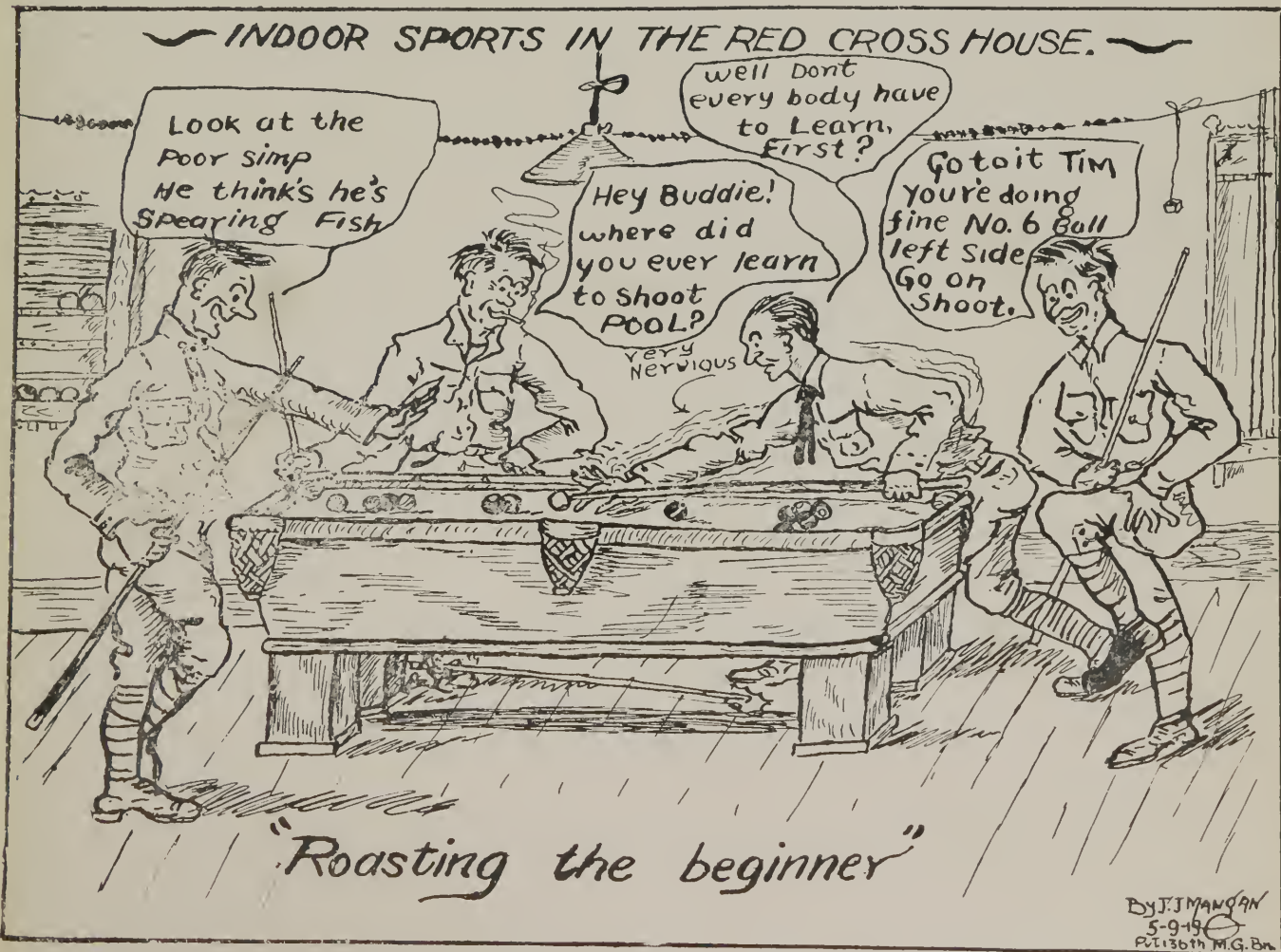
In the home as well as on the battlefield, they use hand grenades such as flatirons, pots, dishes and rolling pins. She also rifles her husband's pockets every night. She takes the large money confines him to quarters whether he has done

anything or not, she always has him on mess detail or policing up.

The wife makes counter attacks on bargain stores and knows how to charge; she is your commanding officer and you her supply officer.

In the trenches fighting lets up once in a while; in the home never. The fierce fighting is yet to come. The infantry arrives. Instead of shouldering arms, you shoulder the baby. On the battlefields shells may scream and roar but they have nothing on the baby.

You get your walking papers every night (the only hike you ever take). On the other hand you only sign up for four years in the army but there is no such chance in the marriage certificate. You may get exempted from war on account of marriage, but you can't get exempted from marriage on account of war.



Enthusiasm In Educational Work.

In every progressive organization, definite plans are being continually formulated to standardize methods for greater efficiency.

The Educational Service, under the direction of the Surgeon General's Office, aims to be therapudic, prophylactic, phychic, educational and vocational. Some men feel a need for training, and are benefitted to their limit; others do not feel the need for reconstruction, so discount it and call it not worth while. However, the man has been helped, and the Educational Service, although a new army activity, has more than proved itself worth while.

Educational work here keeps pace with the growth and expansion of the hospital. The work here has been in progress for about three months, and during that time, large classes have been organized and instructed with excellent results. A course in practical, theoretical agriculture is proving popular. Commercial subjects are being studied with enthusiasm. In general education, the progress made by the men is



Group of Reconstruction Aides

rapid. The vocational subjects such as wood work, auto mechanics, printing telegraphy, and motion picture operating are popular courses, and many of the men register for two or more of them. These courses are particularly desirable for they afford practical training. Automobiles are always in need of repair; picture shows are given several nights a week and assistant operators are needed, a magazine is printed in camp

and a large amount of job work done, so practical printing is learned, and the general repairs around camp give wood workers ample opportunity for practicing their skill.

Besides systematic class work, instruction is being given in all wards by reconstruction aides in basket-making, bead work, wood carving, metal work, leather work and toy making. In this work special attention is given to designing and color blending, when colored materials are used and all workers are urged to make all their useful articles.


The enthusiasm with which the men approach the work and the fine results obtained cause a better spirit to prevade the hospital. The men feel that what the government has promised them along educational lines, is materializing and that they are being better equipped to fit in the schools they will attend with the aid of the Federal Board for Vocational Education.

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A Man's Prayer

 EACH me that 60 minutes make an hour, 16 ounces make one pound and 100 cents one dollar. Help me so to live that I can lie down at night with a clear conscience, without a gun under my pillow and un-haunted by the faces of those to whom I have brought pain. Grant that I may earn my meal-ticket on the square, and that in earning it I may do unto others as I would have them do unto me. Deafen me to the jingle of tainted money and to the rustle of unholy skirts. Blind to the faults of the other fellow, but reveal to me my own. Guide me so that at night I may look across the table at my wife, who has been a blessing to me, I will have nothing to conceal. Keep me young enough to laugh with little children, and sympathetic enough to be considerate of old age. As the light of the Cross of Calvary brightens my path-way, may I accept the peace and promise that only my personal Saviour, Jesus Christ, can give me. And when comes the day of darkened shades and the smell of flowers, the tread of soft footsteps and the crunching of wheels in the yard, all will be well, so make the ceremony short and the epitaph simple---

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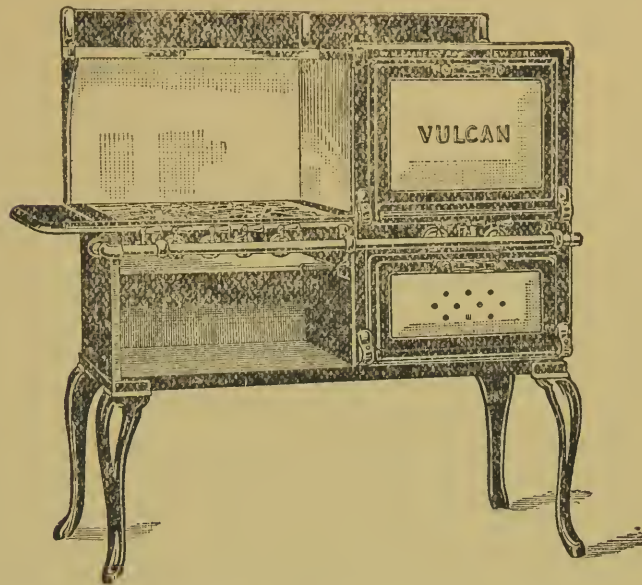
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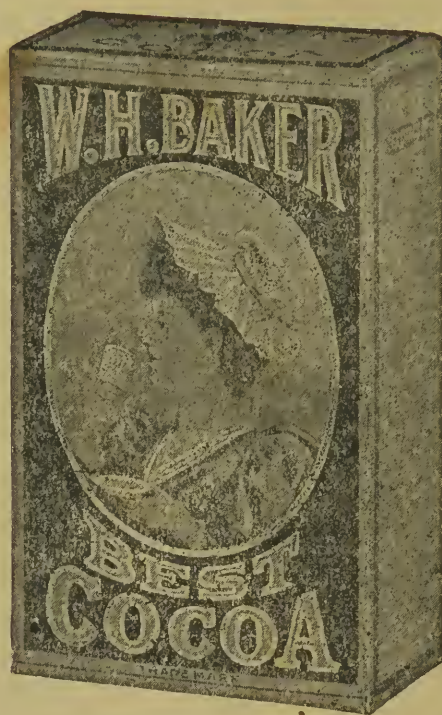
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